

## THE FAIR PLAY.

S. HENRY SMITH, Editor and Proprietor.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

### HERE AND THERE.

A FEATURE of the grand aquarium to be constructed for the Paris Exposition will be a large diving-bell, in which visitors can descend to the bottom of the tank and view its wonders by the electric light with which the bell is to be fitted.

A MAN in Ansonia, Conn., had a tooth drawn. The charge was 50 cents, and he tendered a \$2 bill. The dentist having only \$1 in change, the obliging customer deliberately set down and had a sound molar extracted to make the change even.

The wife of John Heffner, of Reading, Pa., has just presented her husband with their forty-fifth child. The occurrence is the common topic of conversation in that neighborhood. There is probably not another family in the State having so many children.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, JR., is organizing in Salt Lake a company of 500 Mormon families, which will colonize in Sonora, Mexico. The Mexican authorities have promised perfect religious toleration, and large grants of land. A rendezvous of the colonists will be established at St. George, Utah, and the march to the new land will be taken up on the 10th of April.

How much may be accomplished by untiring industry is shown by the example of a young man of San Francisco. He went to Virginia City, represented that he was a clergyman, made the acquaintance of 30 persons, borrowed money from each to an aggregate of \$1,700, and ran away, all within a week.

SOME Connecticut families who have resolved to move out of New England, desire to retain the New England village style of life. They have bought land in Southern California, and will there establish a village, with a school, a church, and no liquor saloons. A clergyman is at the head of the enterprise.

THE benefit of strikes is forcibly illustrated in an English paper, which says that the strike that took place at the South Yorkshire mines, a year ago, cost the 12,000 working-men that turned out about \$1,250,000, and entailed a loss of over \$700,000 on the railroads that carried coal to market.

THERE are now in the jails of Carbon, Columbia and Schuylkill Counties, Pennsylvania, 15 Mollies, convicted of murder in the first degree, viz: Kelly, Doyle, Campbell, Fisher, Yellow Jack Donohue, Carroll, Boyle, Roarity, Duffy, McGeehan, Munley, Kehoe, Hester, Tully and McHugh. The prospects are that every one of them will swing.

PROFESSOR MARSH, of Yale College, has received a handsome Indian pipe from Red Cloud, inscribed, "Presented to Prof. O. C. Marsh by Red Cloud, Chief of the Ogalallas, as a token of gratitude to him for his services in breaking up the Indian ring." Professor Marsh has already received similar gifts from Red Dog and Old-man-afraid-of-his-horses.

THE notion that has generally prevailed that open winters are unhealthy, and severe winters, with cold, sharp air, are conducive to health, is likely to change with this season's experiences in Northern New England, where the winter has been unusually dry and severe, but where diphtheria, scarlet fever and kindred ills have been more than usually prevalent.

MR. CORNELIUS J. VANDERBILT, the principal figure in the group that proposes to contest the old Commodore's will, is commonly known in the family as "Young Cornel." The *Sun* says that young Cornel was in early youth sore given to revel and ungodly glee; he roamed much about the country, took a hand in politics, and went in for the chances generally. "If he is not a chip of the old block, he knows a great deal about chips; in fact, is said to be very fond of them."

THE Turks have a strange idea of humor. On Christmas-day a Turkish gentleman, enraged with the Christian Mayor of the Village of Brankovski, Bulgaria, gave him a severe beating, saddled and bridled him, and compelled the poor wretch to carry him up and down the street. He finally drove him to the village inn, and throwing the reins to the hostler, ordered him to walk the horse up and down. The landlord ventured to interfere, but was knocked down for his pains. The soldier then ordered hay to be fed to his steed, and the municipal Nebuchadnezzar had to swallow it. The Turkish officers considered this a most excellent joke.

### DUG OUT BY GRIZZLIES.

Late in the autumn of 1875, two young men named George Gallison and Joseph P. Stevens set off from the mining town of Little Cottonwood, Utah, on a "prospecting" tour among the mountains. Silver mining is now the great business of this section. The miner's ambition is to discover a rich "lead;" and some of this class, by a fortunate discovery, have been known in a single week to pass from poverty to affluence. Gallison and Stevens started with their mining tools and a stock of provisions packed on the back of a small burro (donkey). On the third day of their tour, they entered a gorge between two high crags, which now bears the name of Grizzly Canyon. There Stevens saw what he deemed to be "indications" of chloride ore; and, after further examination, they fell to work to blast and remove the outer portions of the ledge.

This was on the very last days of November. The weather, for nearly a week, had been raw and cloudy, with a biting wind blowing across the ridges. But the eager searchers for silver, though it had the appearance of a snow storm, worked on in the canyon, the rocky walls of which were several hundred feet in height. A snow storm in the mountains is always dreaded by the miners, and Gallison, indeed, wished to leave for Alta City. But Stevens, who seems to have been the ruling spirit, refused to stir till they had opened the "lead" and located a "claim" for it.

Grizzly Canyon, like many of the mountain ravines of the West, is a deep gorge, winding between almost perpendicular cliffs of dark igneous rock, which from their summits rise less steeply to peaks, three and four thousand feet in height. The bed of the canyon is not more than three or four rods in width, and is even narrower at its elbow-like bends. On the side where they were working, and a little below their supposed silver ledge, the cliff overhangs the path for some distance. Here the miners had built a shelter against and partially under the projecting rock, by standing up poles and wattling in brush and dry grass. They thus formed a comfortable hut, now much needed in the night, for the weather was bitterly cold and raw.

On the night of the 29th of November, snow began to fall. On waking next morning, Gallison found the ground covered with snow, and the air full of whirling flakes, which were sifted down, dry as meal. More prudent than his comrade, he was alarmed at this sudden and fierce approach of winter. But Stevens made light of the matter, saying there would be no very heavy snow-fall at this season.

He was no true prophet of storms. For from the 29th of November till the 7th of December—eight days—snow fell almost uninterruptedly; not always fast, but yet continuously. The bed of the gorge was filled to the depth of nine and ten feet, while curled and glittering masses of snow hung from the high cliffs. It was a grand but an appalling panorama of winter. Fortunately, they had brought with them, a considerable number of packs of flour and pork, or starvation would have overtaken them. For it was impossible even to move for a few rods along the canyon. For miles and miles the country was completely blocked. Many trunks of pines had fallen down into the canyon, and from these, at the outset of the storm, Gallison had collected a large rick of firewood. During all these weary days, the two "prospectors" kept in their camp, which they had rendered as "weather-tight" as possible.

Though astonished at the unprecedented snow-fall, Stevens bore their imprisonment with stoical patience. He also had to bear Gallison's ill-humor and reproaches. The burro now suffered most, being cut off from the grass. They took the little beast into the camp; but, as the animal grew weak, and bade fair to starve, they shot him on the fourth day. Taking off the skin, they buried the quarters in the snow, to keep as a last resort; for they knew not to what straits they might be reduced for food.

On the sixth day of the storm, a deer leaped off the cliffs above them, and floundered helplessly in the drift. They were able to catch it with their hands. They supposed it had been pursued by wolves from the woods above. As the storm abated, the weather somewhat moderated. On the afternoon of the eighth day, the sun came out for the first time, dazzlingly bright. The following day it was warmer still. Stevens cut a road to the ledge where they had been working, and, clearing out the snow, began to drill again. But a far more perilous crisis of their fortunes, one wholly unlooked for, was at hand. Gallison was getting dinner, but had

started to carry a can of powder up to where Stevens was drilling, when suddenly an ominous sound was heard, like thunder, or the rumbling shock of an earthquake. Astonished, they both stopped short, their wonder not unmingled with terror. The noise continued, growing louder and louder every second. It seemed to come from the cliffs, or the sky above. The solid ledge on which they stood was perceptibly jarred. A great curled drift, overhanging from the rock above, fell down, nearly burying them. Struggling out of it, they both ran for the shelter of their camp. Scarcely had they reached it, when, with a frightful crash and roar, a huge mass, made up of snow, trees, rocks, and earth, slid down from the cliffs into the canyon, burying every thing in a moment from the light! But for the overhanging rock, and the poles set up against it, they would have been instantly crushed. As it was, Stevens was thrown down and partly buried by the snow and turf which broke in the outside of their shelter.

"Good Heavens! What is this?" were his first words. "Gallison, are you dead?"

Gallison, however, was not very much hurt, and pulled out his fellow-miner.

Then the grim Western humor came out.

"Perhaps you disbelieve in a heavy snow-fall now?" says Gallison.

"Chatter away while ye can," was Stevens' reply, "for we'll soon be smothered here—for want of air."

It was as dark as Egypt at first. But there was more air than Gallison thought. The cavity not filled by the snow-slide extended some rods beneath the sheltering rocks; and where the pine trees had fallen over, the snow and brush were supported, leaving open space all along the canyon wall. They were literally buried alive by an avalanche! It had fallen from the mountain-side above the gorge, where the snow, loosened by the warm afternoon sun, had begun to slide, and, gathering momentum, had swept trees and boulders along with it. Stevens got a pole out of the wreck of their hut, and thrust it up into the snowy mass, but only drew down streams of water from the holes he made. Then the two crawled this way and that, and explored their prison. There was more of it than they at first believed.

"Think we can winter here, pard?" questioned Gallison, with the irony of a man used to a hard life.

"I reckon," said Stevens, "if the jackass holds out."

Then they began to dig about with their hands and with sticks in search of their provisions. They found what was left of their stock of flour and pork, for these articles had been stored in the camp. Their supper that night consisted of flour mixed with snow, and graced, or greased, with occasional mouthfuls of raw meat.

If we may credit the account of these men, and they seemed quite honest, they remained buried here for three days and a half without hearing a sound from the upper world! They could distinguish night from day by the alternate fading out and brightening of the dim trace of white, transmitted through the mass of snow above them. On the fourth day Stevens first distinguished a sound on the snow above, which, after anxious listening, they both thought to be footsteps. They shouted and called, "Help! We're buried here!"

The steps halted. They shouted again and again. After a minute or more of suspense, they heard the steps move hastily away.

"It's some rascally Indian!" exclaimed Stevens. "He thinks it's evil spirits."

Then they were in despair once more. But on the fifth day the same sounds were again heard. Again did the buried miners send up their shouts from the depths of this enormous snowdrift. In a short time they heard many other shuffling footsteps. It seemed very strange that no response was made to their cries. But their hearts bounded with hope when at length they heard unmistakably a noise as of digging and scraping out the snow. These noises continued at intervals for many hours.

"It's the redskins!" Stevens asserted, repeatedly. Yet as the savages of this Territory were not then unfriendly to the whites, they did not much fear any injury from them. But it seemed most astonishing that no reply was vouchsafed to their often repeated shouts. They now listened still more intently, for the diggers were evidently making good progress and coming nearer. Presently the suspicion suggested itself to Gallison that not men but wolves were digging. Both became convinced of it.

"It's wolves!" Gallison exclaimed.

"The brutes have scented us—or the jack. They think something's spilling down here! And if they get to us, we're dead men!"

After a time they could hear snuffing through the snow, and presently growling. Suddenly a ray of light—which at first quite blinded both of them, they had been so long in darkness—shot down into the damp recess. It came in, up 15 or 20 feet, beside the trunk of one of the pines which had fallen over them. As soon as Stevens could bear the light, he glanced up and saw the eyes of some large animal. It was the head of a big grizzly bear. After a long hungry look, the grizzly again plied his paws to enlarge the opening. Gallison fired his revolver at the beast. The report, pent up, nearly deafened them both. The bear drew back with a snarl, which was followed by a loud roaring, as if from several bears. Then another head appeared. Gallison instantly shot at it. This shot seemed to have hit; for there was prolonged growling and snarling, and a great scrambling about. Then, for a long time, they heard nothing. Stevens now climbed up by the pine trunk and worked his body up through the opening. He says that the bears had dug away the snow to the depth of 20 or 30 feet.

Climbing out of the hole, Stevens saw five great, gaunt grizzlies sitting on their haunches off eight or ten rods, watching! Stevens dropped down through the hole. He again climbed out, taking the revolver, and seeing the bears at a distance, discharged his piece six times, as fast as he could fire. The brutes ran off through the canyon, the rocky walls of which they made re-echo to their roars.

It was now late in the afternoon; and the weather had come on so cold and freezing that they were glad to get down into the hole again and there pass the night. In the morning the snow was frozen hard enough to bear their weight. They set off for Alta City, and, though considerably weakened from their five days enforced confinement and spare diet, succeeded in making their way to that place.—*Youth's Companion*.

### The "Happy Dispatch."

Some curious details are given by a Japanese newspaper—the *Tokyo Chin-bun*—as to the manner in which some of the "aristocrats of the old school" in that country, who were condemned to death for the part they took in the late insurrection, but who preferred *hari kari* to decapitation, spent the last few hours of their lives. Four Samurai insurgents of Koumanote, who escaped on the night of the 24th of October, assembled at the house of one by name Yonemura for the purpose of ending their existence by the "happy dispatch" in his hospitable dwelling. Before, however, giving themselves over to death they gave themselves over to a regular jollification—drinking, dancing and singing as though on a festive occasion. Their hostess, without any wish unnecessarily to curtail their enjoyment, with much tact and good feeling advised them not to keep up this revelry too long, as the police could hardly fail to hear the disturbance caused by their songs and dances. They turned a deaf ear, however, to her kindly warning, and continued to drink and amuse themselves for the whole day, saying that if the "shizoku" arrived they were prepared to fight them. The hours thus passed pleasantly away until sunset, when the party arrayed themselves in the robes which, according to old Japanese fashion, are appropriate for the ceremony they were about to perform, and, having offered up their prayers to the gods, "happily dispatched" themselves without delay.

### Winning a Bet.

A Rochester man bet \$5 the other day that he could put a billiard-ball in his mouth. If he had been a newspaper man no one would have taken the bet, but, being another kind of a hair-pin, the V was planked. Sure enough the feat was accomplished, but the performer could not get the ball out. Physicians were sent for. The most attractive ladies in town were put vis-à-vis with the victim, but they couldn't attract worth a cent. Sam Hildreth, who has the reputation of drawing the biggest ball ever held in Rochester, was called in; he couldn't conduct satisfactorily. Finally the doctors tried again. One got a load-stone; another took a cue-point instrument and caromed on the two tonsils; he then made a cushion shot on the larynx, and tried to pocket the ball in the bronchials. After some skillful play, with several scratches, he nursed the ball out. That whale of prophetic billiard spheres now swallows codfish rotundities.—*Rochester Sunday Sentinel*.

### Droll Stories of Animal Cunning.

The Danville (N. Y.) *Advertiser* says: We picked up a few local stories about birdies and beasts the other day, which we here and now put into history.

Here is a story which our voracious Deacon E. S. Palmes relates to us, and which we are, therefore, bound to believe: About two years ago one of his trusted hens hatched a brood of chickens, and they were domiciled in a coop in the garden. Close by, in an asparagus bed, rested a fine old cat, the pet of the household, with some new kittens. One of the kittens looked upon the chickens and loved them—loved them so well that it abandoned mother and brothers and sisters, and went to the old hen and asked to be admitted into her family circle and become a member thereof. Biddy clucked assent and thenceforward hen, chickens and kitten mingled together in mutual sympathy and sweet accord. It astonished the Deacon, yet did his heart good, to see chickens and kitten rubbing against each other, and lying close together, and his favorite hen brooding them all with her wings, and the entire family acting all day as if kitty, in spite of her four claws and her fur, had been hatched from an egg. The curious affiliation has been kept up until this day. The kitty of two years ago is now a grave old cat, but from kittenhood to the present it has lived and roosted with the chickens and hens.

There are several witnesses to the truth of another story. The affiliation in this case was between a cat at the Hyland House barn and four small pigs. It commenced last summer and continued for some weeks on the grounds and street adjoining the Hyland House. The cat saw the pigs, went up to them, made friends with them, and became their constant companion until they were shut up in pens. When they ate, the cat was always present, and they followed it about, running when it ran and walking when it walked, and each night the cat and pigs slept together in the straw.

Just after the last heavy fall of snow a man in West Sparta, while in his barn-yard, feeding cattle, heard a noise among his geese, close by. He turned around and saw a fox take one of them by the neck, sling it over his back, and start across the fields with it toward the Hartman gully, a quarter of a mile away. The man chased with a pitchfork, but the snow was so deep that the fox gained on him. So he called his shepherd dog, and showed him the game. The dog quickly caught up with the fox, but the fox dropped his goose, turned around, whipped the dog, and then took up the goose and trotted on again. The dog was induced to tackle the fox two or three times, and each time the result was the same as we have described—the goose was dropped, the dog whipped and then a forward movement with the goose. The fox finally got safely into a gully with his goose, and probably never had a better opinion of himself than he had while he was satisfying his hunger on the choice meat that he had secured with so much risk and courage.

About five weeks ago a quail flew into one of our village yards and was picked by a kindly hand and given to Thomas O'Meara, who put it in a large cage in his store. In the same room were two canary-birds in another cage. The canaries would sing and the quail would whistle in response, and so much reciprocity of feeling was manifested that after a time Mr. O'Meara transferred the canaries to the cage of the quail. The quail received the songsters with evident delight, and when night came seeing them place themselves on a perch in the top of the cage, it hopped to another perch just below and slept there. This it has done each night since, although before, in accordance with quail customs the world over, its roost was the bottom of the cage.

THE Great and Little Dismal Swamps embrace above 3,000,000 acres of the richest lands in North Carolina, a large portion of which, by a moderate outlay for draining, could be made equal to the most fertile of Louisiana. These lands belong chiefly to the educational fund, but are of no present value to it. Governor Vance is anxious to have them drained, and has directed a bill to be prepared for the Legislature on the subject.

In 1871 Mrs. Mangini Brown died in London intestate, leaving \$1,500,000. Believing that she had no heirs, the Crown took the money. Claimants have now come forward, and lately it leaked out in the Court of Chancery that a joint stock company had been formed in Italy, of which the intestate was a native, to aid in recovering the estate.